

FLOOD TIDE.

STARTING POINTS OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE.

How a Publisher was Found for "Barnes of New York."

Samuel M. Bryan's Great Luck—Jim Flisk's Office Boy Jumped Into Fortune by Jumping Astride of John Morrissey.

(Issued by the Central Press Association of Columbus, Ohio.)

After all is said and done, chance, the elusive and mysterious thing we call luck, now and then plays a potent part in this world-work-a-day world of ours. When all the gates seem closed against a man it opens them with fairy fingers and guides its favorite to sure and speedy success. Let me prove my case. One of the bravest and clear-headed of the cavalry leaders who fought for the late Confederacy was General Thomas L. Rosser, of Virginia. He left West Point, where he had been the classmate of Custer, to enter the Southern army, and proved his skill and valor on a score of battlefields. The surrender of Lee left him penniless with a wife and children to support. There were no openings in the South; but employment must be had, and so he drifted to Minnesota and became a section boss on the Northern Pacific railroad, then in course of construction. One day General Custer, riding along the line of the road, noticed a section boss whose face seemed strangely familiar.

"Isn't your name Rosser?" he finally asked.

"Why, Custer, how are you?" said Rosser, looking up at his work.

Thus they met for the first time since leaving West Point. Next day Custer called on the chief engineer of the road and said:

"There is a man named Rosser under you as a construction boss?"

"Yes," answered the engineer, "and one of the best I ever had. Anything wrong about him?"

"No," replied Custer, "but he was at West Point with me, and afterwards major general of the Confederate cavalry. I want you to give him something better than the work he is doing."

"Why, I have been looking for just such a man," said the engineer.

And so Rosser, through Custer's kindly offices, became second in command of the engineer corps at the time, and a few months later was made chief engineer. He made good use of the opportunities his position afforded for speculation and investment, and is today easily worth half a million dollars. Custer died a poor man, and his widow is dependent for support upon the pension she receives from the government.

Some ten years ago a thick-set young man named Gunther, who had been a mining engineer in the West, and later a moderately successful dramatist, haunted the offices of half the publishers in New York with a bulky manuscript for which he was anxious to find a publisher. The manuscript was the now famous story, "Mr. Barnes of New York," but the author could not find a publisher who would read it, much less buy or publish it. The story was so good that he had no time to waste on trash of that sort, and he had about concluded that there was no chance for a man without a literary reputation having a novel accepted, when one day he fell in with a Wall Street broker who he had known in California. Slapping Gunther on the back, the broker said:

"Archie, I have just closed a deal which has put me away beyond the breakers. Let's have something."

Gunther congratulated the broker and said he was glad to know that fortune attended some of his friends even if it had failed to smile upon him. Then he told of the rough road he had been forced to travel while vainly searching for a publisher for "Barnes of New York." The broker listened attentively to his story and then said:

"Give me your manuscript and I will read it. I am not one of those d—d literary fellows you read about, but I am a man of the world and I know what men of the world want and are interested in. If I like your book I will let you have the money with which to publish it, and you can tell the publishers to go to thunder."

The Wall Street man took the manuscript, read it, and furnished the money for its publication. The book was soon on the market, and after hanging fire for a moment, went like a meteor. It made the fortune of its author, who has ever since continued his own publisher, and whose profits in some years have exceeded \$50,000.

One day in the early part of 1870 a young man named Samuel M. Bryan, a clerk in the postoffice department at Washington, received notice that his services were no longer needed. Incompetency was the reason given for his dismissal. When he looked over his stock in trade he found that it consisted of less than \$100 in money and a great idea. A few days later he was dealt-boasting his way to San Francisco. When he reached San Francisco he secured employment as purser on a steamship bound for Japan, and in due time found himself in Tokyo. Once in Japan's chief city he at once proceeded to put his great idea into execution. What he proposed was to perfect and put into operation in Japan a postal system modeled after that of the United States. Bryan found willing

from that time on Judge Cowing and "Judge" Cockran vied with each other in courtesy, deference and the exhibition of legal lore. Equally brilliant was Cockran's success with the jurors. He interested them by the masterly manner in which he handled the witnesses for the prosecution, amused them by his irresistible flow of spirits and won them completely by the eloquence and earnestness of his closing address. They would have brought in a verdict of acquittal had Judge Cowing allowed them to do so. As it was, Cockran's fame spread abroad and

listeners among the high Japanese officials and in due time was requested to prepare a prospectus of his postal system to be submitted to the emperor. Its value was at once recognized and it was ordered to be put into effect. Bryan was placed at the head of the new department with a salary of \$11,000 a year, and entrusted with the negotiation of a postal treaty between Japan and the United States. A few months later he was back in Washington as the envoy of the Japanese government, treating on equal terms with the man who had dismissed him from his clerkship for incompetency. The treaty, which he negotiated with skill and diplomacy, proved entirely satisfactory to all concerned. Bryan remained in the service of the Japanese government for some fifteen years. He then returned to the United States a rich man, and now lives in one of the finest residences in Washington. He is still a young man and has years enough before him to develop half a dozen more great ideas, but it is interesting to conjecture what his career might have been had he not lost his place in the postoffice department.

Peter F. Donohue is now chief paymaster of the Erie railroad. Twenty years and more ago he was the office boy of Jim Flisk, who then controlled the Erie railroad. He was young, but attentive and faithful to the interests of his employer. One day Flisk instructed Donohue that no one should be admitted to his office in the Grand opera-house building. A dozen applicants had been turned away, when John Morrissey, the prize fighter, put in an appearance. Morrissey and Flisk were close friends, and the former was in the habit, whenever he called, of walking into the latter's office unannounced. He was proceeding to do so on this occasion when he was confronted by the small office boy with:

"You cannot see Mr. Flisk today."

"How's that?" asked Morrissey.

"Mr. Flisk is very busy and can't see anyone," was the reply.

"No, he won't," said Morrissey, "the matter of fact rejoinder."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, you're John Morrissey."

"Well, I guess Mr. Flisk will see me."

He moved toward the door, but quick as thought, the office boy was on his back with his arms about his neck. Morrissey finally shook his tiny opponent off, but when the contest was over the office boy again stood between the intruder and Flisk's door.

"Mr. Flisk gave me orders to let nobody in there," said the boy, "and you can't go in. That's all there is about it."

Morrissey was too plucky a man not to admire the same quality in others, and with a laugh he took his departure. Meeting Flisk the next day he

advised him of the incident. Flisk was immensely pleased, and gave his office boy rapid advancement. To his "mill" with Morrissey was in chief the measure due to his present position. He counts it one of the luckiest incidents of his life.

Bourc Cockran has for several years past been recognized as one of the great orators of the time, but in the early '80's he was a struggling lawyer, unknown and without clients. He owed his first start toward success to being taken for another lawyer of the same name. In those days Cockran had a small, stuffy office at 178 Broadway. One of his professional neighbors was Charles Strauss. The young man saw much of each other, and Strauss became convinced that Cockran had in him the making of a great criminal lawyer. One day Strauss was employed to defend a man charged with receiving stolen goods. The case was a desperate one, and in order to escape the onus of defeat and at the same time test his theory regarding his friend, Strauss engaged Cockran to try it. Cockran accepted the offer and made careful and energetic preparation for the trial. Judge Cowing, who presided at the trial, was profoundly impressed by the splendid presence and diction of the attorney for the defendant. Cowing had never seen Cockran before, but when he heard him called by name, he at once addressed him as "Judge."

"He thinks you are Judge Cockran, of Westchester," whispered Strauss to his colleague.

"That's all right," was Cockran's cool reply. "I am glad to be mistaken for so good a man. Some day Judge Cockran may be mistaken for me and then the account will be squared."

While needing counsel able to make a jury believe that black was white began to flock to his office. His path has ever since been an easy one.

John W. Goff is a name now as well known in New York as that of Cockran. Goff came from Ireland a poor boy twenty-five years ago, and found employment as a porter in H. B. Clafin's dry goods store. He attended to his duties at the store in the daytime and spent his evening hours at a night school. One day an errand took him into one of the local courtrooms, and he saw and heard a lawyer sum up a case. Then he heard a lawyer say: "Why can't I be a lawyer?" Within an hour he had decided that he could and would be one. That afternoon, when his day's duties were ended, he borrowed some law books and set to work. His roommate, a young man named Fitzgerald, decided that he, too, would study law. So they set to work together, toiling day and studying nights. Charles O'Connor and others gave them encouragement from time to time, and in the face of a hundred difficulties and obsta-

cles they persisted in their task. By and by they were admitted to the bar and went into politics. Today Fitzgerald is a judge and Goff one of the leading lawyers of New York.

And who will not agree with me that luck and chance play their part, and a large one, in this world-work-a-day world?

RUFUS R. WILSON.

AN HONEST PREPARATION.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will do all that is claimed for it. "I was a sufferer for years with dyspepsia and kidney complaint. Favorite Remedy cured me."

Wm. Huxton, Weehawken, N. J.

Notable Sayings.

Recently an English publication offered prizes for the best wise sayings connected with historical events. The time having elapsed for these answers to be in, they were submitted to a committee, whose decision has just been made. The first and second prizes were won by women. Connecting on the replies that were successful the editor said:

"A careful analysis proves beyond all doubt that the most popular instances of wise sayings connected with history are the following:

Oliver Cromwell—"Put your trust in God, but keep your powder dry."

Cardinal Wolsey's dying words—"Had I served my God as religiously as I have served my king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs."

Latimer to Ridley, at the stake—"We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, as I trust will never be put out."

Sir Robert Walpole in the declaration of the war with Spain—"They may ring their bells now; but they will soon be ringing their hands."

Nelson's—"England expects every man to do his duty."

Kenneth Bazemore had the good fortune to receive a small bottle of Chamberlain's Cough, Croup and Diarrhoea Remedy when three members of his family were sick with dysentery. This one small bottle cured them all and he had some left which he gave to Geo. W. Baker, a prominent merchant of the place, Lewiston, N. C., and it cured him of the same complaint. When troubled with dysentery, diarrhoea, colic or cholera morbus, give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result. The praise that naturally follows its introduction and use has made it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, Ohio.

BACKWOODS PIETY.

How a Country Preacher Rose Superior to Satan's Temptations.

She was from the country, but she didn't intend to take back water on anything on that account if she could help it. Piety was the subject of discussion, and Sister Jans, who lived in a town that made some pretensions to being considered a city, had been expatiating on the immaculate righteousness of Parson Jenkins.

Sister Melinda bided her time until her innings came round and then took the floor.

"I don't mind allowin'," she said, "that Parson Jenkins is a powerful religious man, but when it comes to downright creatin' with Satan an' resistin' his wiles an' temptations, why I stand right up in meetin' an' says that our Parson Goodfriend can't be beat by no man. He don't run a soup kitchen, 'cuz we don't have no use for sich things down our way, an' he don't go alumm'n' 'cuz we ain't got no slums, but he's always ready for a tussle with the adversary, no matter how many snares an' pitfalls he sets for his feet."

"You know, he keeps a maple grove onto his little place, an' he sets a powerful store by 'em. Well, it hadn't been very long sugar'n' weather at the time I'm speakin' of. It had been freezin' considerable night times, but it hadn't thawed out any times, an' the sap hadn't had a good chance to run. But Parson Goodfriend was a-lier a great hand for takin' time by the forelock, so he got his holes bored an' his spouts driv in an' his buckets set so as to have everything ready to take advantage of the right sort of weather when it came along."

"Well, he don't do that on Wednesday, an' them trees of his never dripped a drop on Thursday nor on Friday nor on Saturday, but on Sunday the sun shone out powerful warm an' everything was a thawin'." An' when he went to look at his trees on Monday mornin'—'cuz, of course, he wouldn't let himself think of them even on a Sunday—he found that his sap troughs an' buckets were just brimful. Then what do you think he done?"

"Why, I suppose he did what any other man would have done," replied Sister Jans. "He took the sap away to make maple sugar out of it."

"Yes, that's what Parson Jenkins would-a-done, no doubt," said Sister Melinda, triumphantly, "an' it just proves what I'm tellin' these facts for—there ain't no more pious man livin' than our Parson Goodfriend. No, he didn't shout for joy an' take a nap away, but he just hopped down on his knees right then an' ther' an' he says: 'I wuz my own cousin me, Satin; you can't tempt me with any Lord's Day sap.' An' ther' he riz up an' he emptied ther' last drop of the stuff onto the ground, an' next Sunday he preached the most convincin' sermon I ever heard on the wiles of the evil one."

Nearly Had Baby Spasms.

NAPOLEON, O., June 7, 1894.—Hand Medicine Co.—My baby at three months old had colic so badly we feared spasms. My husband ran to the drugstore for "Cocooning-rump." Our physician was present when he called for it and advised him to try Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. We did so. We have used nearly three bottles, and baby is the most pleasant, bright, laughing baby I ever saw, and I am convinced we owe it to Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. Mrs. Arthur Simmons. Sold by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O. 25c.

He Didn't Object.

"But, my dear sir," said the man who procrastinated, "if I pay you this money I will have to borrow it of some one else."

"Very well," replied the cold blooded citizen, "so long as you pay what you owe me I don't object to your owing what you pay me."—American Industries.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Notice to Non-Resident Land Owners.

To all Lot and Land Owners and Municipal and Private Corporations that will be Affected by the Ditch Improvement herein designated.

ADULTOR'S OFFICE, Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio, July 24, 1894.

In the Matter of Ditch Improvement No. 823, Petitioned for by L. Bockelman, et al.

Notice to Land Owners and Others.

You and each of you are hereby notified that on the 2nd day of April, A. D. 1894, Lewis Bockelman et al. filed a petition with the Auditor of said county, the substance and prayer of which is a petition that there be made a ditch, the deepening, widening, and straightening of a ditch, and said petitioners pray for the making of such improvement on the following route and termini, to-wit:

Commencing near the northeast corner of the northeast quarter of section 18, town six (6) north, range six (6) east, Henry county, Ohio, in the channel of county ditch No. 345, thence running in a southeasterly direction through sections 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585,